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THE EXALTATION OF CHRISTMAS PYE.

[Price Six Pence.]

THE EXALTATION OF CHRIST

1830 MAR 8

[Price Six Pence.]

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THE EXALTATION OF CHRISTMAS PYE,

As it was Deliver'd in a

Preachment in *Lime-Street*,

On these WORDS,

And they did eat their PLUMB PIES and rejoiced exceedingly.

B. P

By P. B. Doctor *of* Divinity *and* Midwifry.

LONDON:

Printed for J. ROBERTS *in the* Oxford-Arms Passage *in* Warwick-Lane. 1728.

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Brewerton, *Chap.* XIX. *Ver.* 31.

And they did eat their Plumb Pyes, and rejoiced exceedingly.

BELOVED,

THIS Text which I have named unto you, is ſuch a Text, that if it be well ſqueezed, will afford abundance of Matter. Truly beloved, it makes my Teeth water to think on't; you ſhall hear it over again, *And they did eat their Plumb Pyes, and rejoiced exceedingly.* Now you muſt conſider, that theſe Words have a Coherence with ſomething that went before: For they do plainly imply

that the Persons of whom the Text speaks, were invited by some or other of their Brethren to Dinner. And now being invited to Dinner, and being set down at the Table, and having destroy'd the roast Beef, then I say, *They did eat their Plumb Pyes, and rejoiced exceedingly.*

Thus you see how that *And* is in this Place a *Conjunction Copulative*, tacking Words and Sentences together.

And now we talk of a *Conjunction Copulative*; give me leave my Beloved to step a little aside from my Text, for these Words have more Marrow in them than you are aware of.

To tell you the Truth, there are several Sorts of *Conjunctions Copulative.*

There be your Astrological *Conjunctions Copulative*, as when the *English Merlin* lay with Mrs. F---.

For a *Conjunction Copulative*, is a *Carnal closing* together of Male and Female, to the Satisfaction

tisfaction of their wanton Desires: Now this is a thing much used among *Professors*, who are exceedingly offended that increase and multiply, was not made one of the Ten *Commandments*.

There is then your *unlawful Conjunction Copulative*, and that is, when a Man lies with *another Man's* Wife. And,

Lastly, there is your *lawful Conjunction Copulative*, and that is, when a Man lies with none but his own Wife. But when that will come to pass we know not, for it is now a-Days out of Fashion.

Now these copulative Conjunctions do produce monstrous Children and Cuckolds.

But (to the purpose) whither am I going: Truly I had almost forgotten my Text, but my beloved, 'tis the same thing; for so a Man keep talking, you know, 'tis no great matter what he talks of; however, since we have a beaten Road, we will keep it if we can: Let's see then, what is next.

And

And they. Now here ariſeth another Doubt to puzzle a Prophet, yea even *Daniel* himſelf; for how can any body tell, who theſe *They* are, unleſs they behold: For my part I can't divine who theſe *They* ſhould be, for my Life; I do believe they were Men, and Men that did not uſe to eat Plumb Pyes; for the Text ſays, that when they had eaten them, *they rejoiced exceedingly.*

Our Brother *Wil. G------n,* in his learned Comment upon *Reynard the Fox,* ſaith, that theſe *They* are Women: But *Cardan* in his Book of *Subtleties,* utterly denies it. But you will ſay, what Reaſon do they give? Nay, they neither of them give us any Reaſon for what they ſay, only they tell us flat and plainly, like our Brother *H------ly,* that it is ſo: Now one of theſe two muſt lye, but which of them, I profeſs I can't conceive.

Truly my beloved, I am in a Wood: I wiſh ſome Perſon of Judgement and Induſtry, that has nothing elſe to do, would endeavour to ſatisfy us in this difficult Queſtion, for,

for

for my part, I think it is of as great Concernment, as many things that were handled at the *Council* of *Trent*.

Now let's go on, *And they did.* He does not ſay they did not, but they *did*: Aye, but what did they do? Why, they *did* that which no body could do for them: What was that you will ſay? Why then in plain *Engliſh*, they did *eat*.

Marcus Tullius Cicero is of an opinion they did drink too, as you may read in his *Tuſculan Queſtions*; but *Harry* the Eighth writing againſt *Luther*, takes an occaſion to quarrel with *Cicero*, and to deny it. For, ſaith he, it is not uſual to drink after ſweet things, becauſe that ſweet things never reliſh Drink; neither is it probable they were ſuch Fools to put the ſweet Taſte of their good Plumb Pye out of their Mouths by drinking. Truly, my beloved, had he not been a KING, I ſhould have agreed with him; but being that he was a KING, yea an Idolatrous KING, I am reſolved to contradict him: And therefore I do hereby openly declare before you all, my beloved, that

they did drink. But you will object and ſay, how came I to know, I was not in their Company; 'tis no matter for that, I will have it ſo, and if you will not have it ſo too, I will be your Paſtor no longer.

But what did they eat all this while? Why mark the Words, *And they did eat Plumb-Pye*, O ho! did they ſo? notable cunning Rogues, they knew what was good for themſelves, I warrant you.

Here now we are to conſider, what Sort of Plumb Pye this was, and how many Sorts of Plumb Pyes there are: For you muſt know my beloved; that there are more that one Sort of Plumb Pyes in the World: I my ſelf have ſeen Plumbs put into an *Apple Pye*, and it has taſted exceeding ſavoury; there is your *Neats Foot Pye*, there is your *Calves Chaldron Pye*, there is your *Lamb Pye*, there is your *Veal Pye*, and all theſe Pies have Plumbs in 'em; but there is your *Chriſtmas Pye*, and that hath Plumbs in abundance, that is your *Metropolitan* Plumb Pye, 'tis the Cream of all Plumb Pyes, and in ſhort, there's no Plumb Pye like it.

Truly

Truly my beloved, I wonder at the little Wit of our Brethren, that perſecuted theſe Pyes ſo furiouſly in their Pulpits; for can they undergo a worſe Puniſhment than to be eaten? take away Chriſtmas I ſay, if you take away our Pyes, eſpecially our Plumb Pyes.

Truly my beloved, I wonder who invented theſe Pyes, who ever it was, God's Bleſſing on his Heart; ſurely 'twas a Man, for certainly a Woman could never have ſo much Wit. They talk of the Invention of *Guns* and *Printing*, but doubtleſs the Invention of Plumb Pye doth far exceed it. He that diſcover'd the new Star in Caſſiopea, the other Day, deſerves not half ſo much to be remember'd, as he that firſt married minced Meat and Raiſins together: Mark but the Ingredients.

There is firſt your Neats Tongue boil'd; now you know a Neats Tongue boil'd alone with Turnips, how good it is, but being mix'd with Plumbs and Spice, there's your precious *Creature Comfort*, my beloved. The *Ephod* was beſet with precious Stones, and every

every one of them had their Signification, and minc'd Pyes are beſet with Plumbs and Spice, and they have alſo their Virtues, and their *Hieroglyphical* Significations.

Your Neats Tongue is the *Hieroglyphick* of paſtoral Authority; and therefore the Pope, who calls himſelf *Chriſt's Vicar*, hath got a Cap, which is call'd a *Miter*, and this Cap is made in the Shape of two Tongues.

Your Currants are Purgers of the Blood, and purify the Seat of Anger, which is the *Spleen*; therefore do they cauſe Mirth in Men, and revive the Spirits of Times.

Your Raiſins being mix'd with Wormſeed, preſerve a Man in the * Grave, and deſtroy thoſe crawling Enemies of Mankind, that would continually diet upon his Fleſh.

Now as concerning the original of theſe Pyes, we are in a very great Quandary what to ſay: For our Brother *Starkie*, a Man ex-

* The new way of Embalming.

cellently

cellently well skill'd in Chronology, attributes the Invention thereof to St. *George*, one of the Seven Champions, who travelling with the King of *Egypt*'s Daughter, was mightily call'd upon by his Stomach for Victuals, for that the King's Daughter and he had nothing to feed on but his greasy Socks for three Days together: But at length meeting with a Gyant, he chop'd him to pieces with his Sword, and put Plumbs to his Flesh, least it should offend the squeamish Stomach of his Mistress.

But *Kitchin*, an ancient *English* Author of good Authority, tells us a Story, how that the *Goths* and *Vandals* coming into *Italy*, and being angry at the *Romans*, did threaten to cut them as small as Herbs to the Pot; now it so fell out, that having slain a great Number of them, they were (as honest Men ought to be) as good as their Words; then searching farther, they found a great Quantity of Plumbs, which the *Romans* had brought along with them, to put in their Puddings; for (as you read in *Lipsius*) the *Romans* never went without Store of Meal; then said the *Vandals*

one to another, (they made a very fair Speech) *Let us be merry, and let us put theſe Plumbs to our minced Meat, and eat up the Carcaſſes of our Enemies*; with that the *Vandals* ſhouted ſo loud, that they ſhook the very *Alps* themſelves

Others relate, and among the reſt, Dr. *Harmar*, in his Treatiſe of the *Excellency of Muſtard*, how that the Daughter of *Aſtragon*, (ſhe was the Siſter of *Gondibert*) did by chance, being a liquoriſh Dame, and not knowing what to do with ſome cold Meat that was left at Supper, mince the ſame Meat, and put Plumbs thereto, ſhe alſo mix'd Herbs with her Meat, which was well approv'd of; ſo that having taſted the Sweets thereof, ſhe recommended it to her Father, and it became the Faſhion to eat Plumb Pyes, and hath been uſed in the Courts of Princes ever ſince; ſo that there was hardly any Time of the Year, but you might have had theſe *Lombardy Pyes* at *Whitehall*.

But Col. *Pride*, a Saint of the *Greek* Church, writes in his Comment upon *Tom Conat*'s Travels,

vels, how that St. *James* of *Compoſtella*, a *Spaniſh* Saint, being in the Wilderneſs of *Arabia*, was overtaken with Hunger: Now ſeeing that in that Place he could have no Aſſiſtance from Earth, he fell to his Prayers; now as he was at Prayers, gaping and winking, (as our Brother *C-mp-l* uſes to do) it ſo fell out, that a mince Pye drop'd from the Skie into his Mouth, even as *Ancilia* or Sheilds of *Mars*, drop'd from Heaven into the *Capitol*. He could pray no longer, becauſe his Mouth was ſtopped, therefore he eat what Heaven had ſent him.

Now you muſt conſider that this Miracle was ſoon divulg'd abroad; ſo that this ſort of Pye became to be in a kind of ſacred and reverent Eſteem among the People: And this was the Reaſon that our Fore-Fathers, out of their great Wiſdom and Piety, did ſet this Pye aſide from among all the wonderful variety of Pyes, for the celebration of that ſolemn Feaſt called *Chriſtmas*.

Now you'll ſay, How are theſe Pyes to be eaten? Why they are to be eaten *hot*, or to be

be eaten *cold:* Now if you eat them *hot*, you muſt take a great Care leaſt you burn your Chaps. But if you eat them *cold*, there is no great Danger of that, and you eat them more ſecurely and with leſs Trouble.

And therefore my Advice, my Beloved, to you is, that you eat them *cold*. For I have heard of a Bridegroom that was kill'd before he could lie with his Bride, for adventuring to ſhovel hot minc'd Pye down his Troat for a Wager.

Truly, my Beloved, *Sweat Meat muſt have Sower Sauce.*

Dr. *Harmar*, who, much Good may it do him good Man, did eat up a whole Rump of *Beef* for the Love of the Muſtard, and would have eat up the Parliament for its Name Sake, had *Fleetwood* employ'd him and given him Muſtard enough.

I ſay this as Dr. *Harmar* ſaith, that a Man ought not to make above two Bits of an ordinary

dinary Minc'd Pye. But Dr. *Mariot*, a notable Caſuiſt in theſe Diſputes, and a Man of a ſharp Stomach, is of Opinion, that a Man ought to ſwallow them whole. And therefore he was the firſt in the World that cauſed them to be made after the Faſhion of Boats, that they might ſwim down his Gullet the eaſier: And indeed, he was a mighty Enemy to four corner'd Pyes, for he ſaid they were uſed to ſtick in his Throat.

How theſe Perſons mentioned in my Text did eat their Pyes, I cannot tell, or whether they did put any Sack in them or no: Yet 'tis very probable, for Wine maketh the Heart of Man glad; and it is ſaid in my Text, when they had eaten *their Plumb Pyes they rejoiced exceedingly.*

Now my Beloved, to tell you how they rejoiced, will be a Matter of great Difficulty. Only this we can ſay in general, that their Hearts leap'd within them; that is to ſay, their Hearts danc'd Sarrabands and Courants for joy that they had eaten their Plumb Pyes.

Now there are ſeveral ways to expreſs a Man's Joy. Some Men weep for Joy, whether theſe People wept for Joy I cannot tell; and becauſe my Text doth not ſpeak at all of it, I would not have you to believe any Man that tells you ſo; for that the World is now very full of *Seducers* and *falſe Teachers*.

But *Secondly*, ſome Men *die for Joy*. Truly I do not believe that theſe Men did ſo. Nay I will adventure for once, though the Words of my Text ſpeaks nothing as to the Point, to aſſure you out of my Text that they did not dye: Not that it is any thing to me, for I confeſs had they been hang'd, I had not car'd a Straw: But only to ſhew you that a Man is not bound to keep cloſe to his Text. Thus, *Don Lewis de Haro's* Uncle died embracing his Miſtreſs, for Joy that he did embrace her: But was not he a Fool? yes truly, Why? Why? becauſe he died before he could enjoy that thing which cauſed that Joy within him

But the Joy which proceedeth from the eating of Plumb Pyes, is worth a Thouſand of theſe Joys, for it cauſeth Men to rejoice exceedingly. But you'll ſay, when doth a Man *rejoice exceedingly*?

Why when a Man or a Woman laughs till they piſs again, then may they be ſaid to *rejoice exceedingly*.

When Men otherwiſe grave and reſerved, ſit after Dinner, opening their Hearts, and telling the wanton Stories of their Youth, then are they ſaid to *rejoice exceedingly*.

When a Citizen kiſſes his Wife before all the Company, after Dinner, then is he ſaid to *rejoice exceedingly*: But when ſhe kiſſes her Servant in private, then is ſhe ſaid to *rejoice exceedingly*.

And thus you ſee how it is the Duty of every one that eats Plumb Pye, to *rejoice exceedingly*.

It is ſo then, that every Man who eats Plumb Pye, ought to *rejoice exceedingly.*

Then let us eat Chriſtmas or Plumb Pye, and rejoice, drink and be merry, play at Cards and win Money, for the Days of the Year are now like the Days of Man, ſhort and ſoon vaniſhing.

FINIS.